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## Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Oxford, England, to Anne Whitney, 1914

Louise Imogen Guiney

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not quite a month ago, and we had him laid under his own patch of lawn, where he used to sleep, with his beautiful old head on a roll of cut grass.

Dear Gwen Morgan (who never fails to ask for you) spent a night with me in May, breaking the tiresome journey back from a National Insurance meeting in London. The women of Brecon subscribed to have her portrait painted in the Mayoral robes for their Town Hall, as soon as her term ended. The artist was Cooke, and I don't like his dish at all! It has a dash of Gwen's sweet humour: just a rather pudgy lady of decision in scarlet finery, erect beside a smug table, loaded with law-books. Love you. Very Dear.

Your ever devoted  
Imogen.

From Longwall Cottage, Oxford,  
on The Great and Glorious Fourth  
1914.

Dearest Anne Whitney:

Without metaphor, I pine to have news of you: and I wish I might get it without bothering you to write. It gave me a big lift when I heard Mrs. Morgan was back in England; because I knew you, and she, too, must have felt quite confident about your restoration to health before she would leave your side. I hope I am right in picturing you now walking in those groves where I once walked with you and an angel (called Adeline Manning, though she might seem merely mortal); and



taking your brisk athletic exercises in the early morning, on the piazza; and watching the sun set on those mountains and in those waters 'loved long since', and dearer year by year. Well, if you're not there, you will be at Plymouth (and that is next best) seeing those kind bright faces I remember, all about you: the Stones and the Pecks, and Mr. Pratt's and Miss Converse's, and the rest, when they come on a visit, across those blessed woods where nobody ever shoots anything!

As for me, I am very dull these days, fit for no work but the merely technical kind, but perfectly well. In a whole year, I have

had only one job from meivitis, my one de-  
clared enemy. I never can enjoy summer weather here, because too many people arrive from N. S. H. with letters of introduction to A-boul four a week, steadily, for some four months. My girl Grace, who used to take the ground of all the bits, calls, letters to which I wanted to stick, is still in Springfield; as is Horatio Ainslie at the bridge hereforth, unless she returns some day. She said yet to Boston often, but I have told her, long ago, that she is leaving you my love in person, whenever she can. It is warranted to keep. Her collie dog, whom we all loved as he deserved, died here